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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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OCTOBER, 1816.  
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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS  
*CAROLINE, DUCHESS DE BERRI.*

**I**S the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Naples, who was restored to his throne in 1815, after the defeat and dethronement of Murat. Though not strikingly handsome, she has a fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes: her countenance possesses a character of peculiar sweetness, with an expression of melancholy deeply interesting, probably originating in the hopeless state of degradation to which her family had been reduced by the French Revolution. Her resemblance to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette recalls the eloquent and affecting passage of Burke—"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in;—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy." And yet the Princess, an object of such admiration, so beloved, so idolized, was, not many years afterwards, dragged through the streets of

Paris in mean attire, and amidst the execrations of a frantic multitude, to an ignominious death! a lesson that cannot fail to make a lasting impression on the mind of the Neapolitan Princess, as one of the innumerable instances of the instability of human greatness.

On the occasion of her marriage, the Princess received the first compliments of the nobleman sent to escort her, at Marseilles; from whence she proceeded to Fontainebleau; to which place, the Duke De Berri took his departure from Paris on Wednesday, June 12th. The King visited them there; and on Sunday returned with them to Paris. On their arrival at the barrier *du Trone*, they were met, and his Majesty was complimented by the Prefect of the Seine and the Municipal Body; various military corps, headed by the Commander in Chief of the National Guard, formed part of the procession. The next day, June 17th, at nine in the morning, a discharge of artillery announced the approaching ceremony; at eleven, the formalities prescribed for the civil act of marriage were gone through in the grand cabinet of the King, at the *Thuilleries*; and at half past eleven, the King went in grand procession to *Notre Dame*. The Duke and Duchess De Berri were in his Majesty's carriage, preceded by the different military corps in the city. When the Royal Party entered the church of *Notre Dame*, the Duke De Berri, conducting the Duchess De Berri to the bottom of the steps of the altar, preceded the King. After the ceremony, they returned to the *Thuilleries*; where a royal festival was held.

Numerous addresses were presented by the councils general of the departments; and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, wife of the English Ambassador, and the Countess Peralada, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, were introduced in form to the Duchess De Berri. Nor was the Duke of Wellington omitted, for the King, taking his hand, emphatically exclaimed, "to you, *Le Mareschal*, is owing my present happiness!" At seven in the evening, the King proceeded to the gallery of *Diana*; where about thirty tables were laid, and a brilliant

company of upwards of 300 were assembled. After the entertainment, the King re-conducted the Duchess De Berri to her carriage; and drove off with her. The company retired about eleven o'clock, to the Duke of Wellington's, where a magnificent ball concluded the festivities of the day.

#### NATURAL INSTINCT.

'THE following conversation, in which Dr. Johnson, and a *northern philosopher*, were the two principal performers, has not been noticed by any of his biographers.

When the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went with some other gentlemen to laugh away an hour at Southwark fair. At one of the booths, where wild beasts were exhibited to the wondering crowd, was a very large *bear*, which the showman assured them was *caught* in the *undiscovered* deserts of the remotest Russia. The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but, to all the company, except Johnson, was very surly and ill-tempered; of the philosopher he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and displayed every mark of awkward partiality, and *ursine* kindness. "How is it (said one of the company), that this savage animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?"—"From a very natural cause (replied Mallet), the bear is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that Linnæus would have placed him in the same class with the English moralist. They are *two* barbarous animals of *one* species."

Johnson disliked Mallet for his tendency to infidelity, and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted him in his octavo dictionary, under the article *Alias*.



THE GOSSIPER, No. XX.

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## TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR last Number of the Gossiper (a work which ought to be entirely devoted to us modern belles) was most insufferably dull. What could induce that old pedant, "Peter Pedagogue," to pester it with his fusty rules of grammar? In my opinion, you did very wrong, and departed much from the title of your publication, to permit such obsolete stuff to appear before the fashionable world. Know you not, Sir, that, in a modern education, grammar, in a female, is thought quite unnecessary? If she can quote some few phrases from novels or plays (no matter how applied), and possesses fluency and volubility of tongue to out-talk the generality of the company she may be in, she passes for an accomplished woman. Do you think, Sir, in our young days, we are sent to those polite seminaries, boarding-schools, for the purpose of poring our eyes over the mean and low rules of Lindley Murray, or some other such pedagogue?—No, Sir, to be taught *gentility*, to dress, and make a fashionable appearance, to *speak* French, dance, sing, and *play* the piano-forte, is the aim of our parents;—our aptness to receive such instructions is very evident from the progress we make in these truly elegant accomplishments. To give you some idea of modern tuition, I will relate the train of my own education:—

From the first dawn of reason I can recollect the servants had particular orders that I should not be crossed, or vexed, in the least. These injunctions were pretty well obeyed; but if I cried, "Somebody must have hurt me, or the poor dear child would not cry for nothing." Then would my mother take me in her arms, call me angel, queen, fairy,



or some other such delightful name, and caress me in the fondest manner. If that did not pacify me, she would say, "The poor thing must be ill, or it never could go on so. What shall mama do for her darling?" These soothing accents only made me worse instead of quieting me; and many times the house has been put into confusion and agitation by her fears for my imaginary illness.—Nothing was thought of but toys and playthings till I was eight years old; I did not even know the alphabet. But, though I was thus ignorant, I was an adept in gossip. I knew every one's affairs; and nothing pleased me better than when I could tattle about the servants. In this I was very much encouraged by my mother; who, by the information I gave her (sometimes not altogether true), never scrupled scolding; yet very wisely attributed the finding out of the fault to her own sagacity, observing, at the same time, "Nobody could deceive her!" At my age my father thought it was time I ought to know something, and proposed sending me to school. To this, at first, my mother objected, on account it would be too fatiguing—"There was plenty of time for learning when I was older." However, a young Miss, about my own age, happening to be on a visit at our house, who danced very prettily, it induced my mother to wish that I could do the same; and it was agreed that I should be sent to the same school. When the time of parting came, my mother shed many tears; and it was with strict injunctions never to thwart my inclination, in any thing, that she committed me to the care of my governess. Strictly did the good woman adhere to these commands; for I learned neither more nor less than it pleased me. Here I remained almost as ignorant as when I came, till I was twelve years old, except in dancing, dress, and pride; and in these I made a wonderful progress. At this time it was thought proper to add music to my other accomplishments, and I began to learn the piano-forte. Although I found this extremely fatiguing at first, yet the compliments I should receive, and the delight I should experience in being able to accompany a dance or a song, made me very assiduous.

My music-master prognosticated that I should become a fine player, extolling my abilities above any of the rest. This made me very vain, though it added greatly to my improvement. In less than a year I could touch off *God save the King*, *Morgiana*, *Juliana*, and several others of no less merit, in excellent style; and, very soon after, I rivalled my master himself, who, I believe, had taught me all he knew.

I now began to make a progress in fashionable literature. I had got through all the infantile books, and was advancing in my grammar—though, by the bye, when I came to the parts of speech, especially the verbs, participles, moods, and tenses, I found them so troublesome, that it was thought as well to pass them over. That which I did get by heart, I could make nothing of—I thought it a parcel of nonsensical stuff; and no great pains were taken to impress its utility on my mind. Novels, which we could always procure from the library in the town, were my greatest delight. Oh! how many sweet moments have I passed in reading a pathetic love-tale! How many tears have the distresses of the hero or heroine drawn from me! With what indignation have I beheld the cruelty of parents, the villany of guardians; and how have I admired the resolution of the unfortunate fair in flying from their tyranny, to the arms of a lover. Oft have I entered with such zeal in the spirit of the story, that I have imagined myself one of the characters; and frequently have I regretted that I were not in being in those ages of chivalry, when some brave knight would have wooed me, and carried me off with him—fought for me, and rescued me from the hands of some rude barbarian or satyr!

However, in the present age, I was not without admirers. There was a boarding-school for young gentlemen at a short distance from the one I was at; and as the schools frequently met, it was not unlikely (for I was told I was very handsome) I should have several lovers among them. I was so much admired, that it was not unusual for a battle to be fought, when I had expressed myself more in favour of one than another. Though young, I had acquired the airs of an experienced coquet, and distributed my smiles to all;

yet there was one on whom I wished to make a complete conquest. This was Master Fairface; a youth of wonderful merit, and who had been most assiduous in supporting my cause, in many bloody battles, in which he was always conqueror. This so heightened him in my estimation, that I resolved to surrender only to him; and besides, Master Fairface was one on whom all the young misses cast a wishful eye—each trying every art to engage him to herself. However, I was his favourite; and it was no small triumph for me, over my rivals, in having him in my power. My exultation was but of short duration; for somehow our amour got to the ears of my governess, who immediately went to the master of my dear Fairface to acquaint him of the affair; by which, measures were soon taken to put an end to it. Had this not been the case, I know not what might have been the consequence; for I was perfectly agreeable to elope with him, as it was our intention, very shortly. My innamorato was severely whipped, but I had little or nothing said to me on the subject.

When I had attained my fifteenth year, I was thought to be perfectly accomplished; and was sent for home. A large party, for the purpose of displaying my abilities, was invited on my arrival. I received the encomiums of all the company on my person, air, shape, and dress—the ladies were ceremoniously polite, and the gentlemen most charmingly flattering, each trying to outvie the other by his attentions. My mother was very particular that I should show off every species of accomplishment; for no sooner was I seated at the piano-forte, in the middle of a waltz or country-dance, than she would request me to sing to it; immediately I had acquitted myself of that, she would wish me to dance, and afterwards to speak French; so that, by the time the company broke up, I was completely exhausted with the exertion I had undergone, though highly pleased with the compliments I received.

I never possessed much of that *craignez honte* so natural to an unexperienced girl; and quickly learning all the airs so necessary to fashionable life, to make and receive a pun,



or jest, on any occasion, without blushing, and was never at a loss for a speech from a play or poem, that I was soon looked upon as a model of fashionable breeding. I shortly had dying swains at my feet, and became a general toast. I made each one believe he was the favoured lover: indeed, I had little trouble to do that, for their vanity and self-love could not make one of them think otherwise; though, had they a grain of sense in their whole composition, it would tell them I despised them. I now keep a circle of these popinjays around me, for the mere purpose of appearing *fashionable*. But this monotony often disgusts me, and then I have recourse to reading; but what is my disappointment to find a subject as dull as my lovers? Do pray, Mr. Gossiper, let us have something lively for the future, or something pathetic! or—a little scandal!

And then you may depend on the good wishes of

FLIRTILLA.

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### THE PRINCESS AMELIA,

(AUNT OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY,)

BEING at a party of whist in the rooms at Bath, an officer, who stood by her chair, seeing her snuff-box open, on the table, imprudently took a pinch. The Princess observing it, immediately called to one of her attendants, and desired him, in an imperious tone, "to throw that snuff in the fire." The order was complied with, and the officer retreated in much confusion.

Another time, being at a party of whist at Bath, and being partner to a young Irish gentleman of rank, who was previously introduced to her, recollecting the state of the game, she exclaimed—"Let me see! O! we are eight *love*!" Upon which the other, either misunderstanding the last expression, or from an ill-timed gallantry, replied, "Yes, my *dear*!" Upon this she immediately laid down her cards, paid her game, and left the room.

THE  
NARRATION OF AGLAÛS,  
THE ARCADIAN.

(Continued from page 133.)

THE day following, I surveyed with her my gardens and fields: what new charms did her presence give to them! I then felt that there are no other means of truly enjoying what we possess but by sharing it with those we love. I was anxious to know if the heart of Calisphyre was still free; not daring to interrogate her on the subject, I hazarded some questions about her education and relations, and Calisphyre answered me in these terms—

“The young Acontius, the handsomest of the Corinthians, having gone to Delos, to sacrifice to Diana, in the temple saw the beautiful Cydippe, dancing round the altar of the goddess the dance of innocence; and he loved Cydippe\*. But he learned that Demochares, the father of Cydippe, was an ambitious and powerful man. Acontius was not rich, but his intelligence compensated for this deficiency. One day, in the temple of Diana, he let fall at the feet of Cydippe a golden bowl, upon which he had engraved these words— I swear by Diana, Acontius, never to belong to any one but you.—Cydippe read aloud this inscription without thinking of it; and thus engaged herself. She cast her eyes on Acontius; and retracted not her oath. Cydippe, said Acontius, you have promised to be mine; and the goddess commands you. Acontius answered Cydippe; I fear the gods; I revere the formidable Diana; and I will obey her. Go; and speak to my father, Demochares, the son of Ligoamas.

“Acontius ran to Demochares; but uselessly. Demochares was inflexible. Acontius, despairing, left Delos.

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\* This was really a Greek dance, which the young females danced, especially the Lacedemonians.

Cydippe went every day to weep in the temple of Diana; nevertheless she was obliged to yield to the authority of her father, who conducted her to the altar to give her faith to the husband whom he had chosen for her. No sooner had Cydippe set her foot into the temple than she turned pale, and shuddered. Powerful Diana, cried she, you prevent a perjury that would have embittered my life. I return you thanks. I feel that I am dying. And she fell fainting into the arms of her father. She was carried away; and the wedding was broken off. Cydippe had a violent access of fever; and when she recovered, her father proposed another husband; and he dragged her, against her will, to the hymeneal temple. But the same accident interrupted the ceremony before the oath was pronounced. Demochares thrice used the same violence, and thrice Cydippe, on approaching the altar, was attacked with the same complaint. At length, Demochares recognised the anger and revenge of Diana; he recalled Acontius himself; and united him to Cydippe\*.

"The first year of their union was as peaceable as fortunate; the birth of a son completed their happiness. But, at the end of this time, a frightful contagion appeared in Corinth at the approach of spring. The oracle, consulted about this scourge, demanded the offerings of the vow of *sacred spring*; that is of the flowers of spring, and whatever should be born in this season;—devoted thus to all the sacrifices, the animals were to be immolated upon the altars, and the children, condemned to expatriation before they had seen the light, were to be sent out of the confines as soon as they should attain the age of adolescence. I was in the number of these unfortunate children; my mother, at this time, bore me in her womb.

"The day of my birth was a day of mourning in my family. They carried me into the temple to renew the fatal oath; and to inscribe my name in the book of proscription, which contained the irrevocable sentence of all the other

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\* This account is taken from the Mythological Dictionary. See *Acontius*.



victims! After this ceremony, but a few hours old, I again entered the place in which I had just been born; and not under the paternal roof;—there was none for me; I was only regarded in this house as a stranger; and could inspire no other feelings than those of pity.

“I was not yet in a state to be conscious of my misfortune; but my mother suffered most severely! When I was old enough to give her signs of my affection, her sorrow greatly increased; my first smile made her tears to flow, and my first embrace penetrated to her heart!

“As soon as I showed some sparks of reason, I was entirely separated from all the family: nature had given me, since my birth, one brother more, and three sisters. I was not to see them again, except clandestinely! But, in the lodging to which they had banished me. I was waited on with extreme care, and every mark of respect; for they have a great deal of veneration for the victims of spring; whom they regard as beings particularly protected by the Gods. My education was no way neglected; I was instructed in all the arts of Minerva; and they endeavoured to prepare me with resources for a future as uncertain as it was dreadful! I was inspired with piety to the gods; and confidence in their goodness founded the only hope of my life. I invoked the gods at domestic altars only, till the age prescribed, when the victims of spring may go to the temple. This age fixed at the tenth year, at length arrived: my father and my mother led me into a vast hall in the house; where I found my brothers, sisters, and all the family, assembled. All eyes were fixed upon me; my father, who also looked at me, constantly holding me by the hand, was so affected that he could not speak. I felt his hand tremble in mine. My mother, overpowered with grief, hid her countenance with the fore part of her gown. At length, my father spoke; and, in a trembling voice, said—Child of Providence there are the brothers, sisters, and relations, that nature had given thee! They contemplate in thee, with tenderness and veneration, a celestial girl, devoted, from the first instant of her existence, to the salvation of a whole people; the gods, the

protectors of innocence, will alone take upon themselves the care of instructing, and guiding thee; the great Jupiter will watch over thee, Minerva will conduct thy steps, and will cover thee with her powerful ægis. Thus placed in the custody of the immortal gods, their goodness, doubt it not, reserves for thee the highest destiny in a foreign land!—Alas! answered I, shedding bitter tears, I prefer remaining here!—At these words, I heard the sobs of my mother; I threw myself into her arms;—all assembled were in tears;—there was a long silence; but at length the severity of my father compelled us to restrain so natural an impulse. Then my father taking from the hands of my mother a long white veil, placed it upon my head, saying—No Corinthian shall see thy beauty; for it is not here that thou art to find a husband!—From this time I constantly remained veiled. I was conducted in pomp to the temple of hospitable Jupiter; where I found all the other victims of Spring, led there, like me, by their relations. The young men formed a company apart. I was ranged in that of the young women, all veiled like me. We were all of the same age and destiny. I united myself to them with pleasure; they were not unacquainted with me; and it seemed to me as if I saw in them my true sisters. Every place of honour was given to us in the temple; in solemn marches, we carried the sacred baskets, filled with flowers, which were offered upon the altar of Jupiter. All the youth of Corinth marched in our train: when we left the temple, the people rushed about us in crowds, to see and hear their benedictions upon us; some threw us crowns of flowers; others approached us weeping, bent down even to our feet, seized the fringe of our veils, and kissed it with respect. We met with universal admiration; but what are all these honours, when only grief and mournful solitude reign in our habitations? I entered adolescence with a sentiment of fear and terror, which every day seemed to increase. I was soon to leave all that belonged to me, with an entire ignorance of my future means of subsistence, and what would become of me. The future presented nothing but a desert and clouds!

"Nevertheless, as we were permitted to choose the foreign land in which the victim was to be abandoned, Acontius and Cydippe, a long time before, made particular enquiries about every country in Greece. Before my father made choice, he undertook a variety of journeys: the laws and manners of the Arcadians delighted him; he flattered himself that I should find in the sage Aglaüs a generous protector;—he was not deceived; and every hour I bless the paternal foresight which made him prefer this happy country to any other."

The beautiful Calysphire thus concluded the unaffected recital of her innocent life. From the manner in which she was educated, I was well assured that her heart was entirely free; and that it could never have experienced the least impulse of preference for another; but she was so young, that I should have conceived it improper, in her situation, to declare my sentiments to her; besides, her heart might make a choice among the young Arcadians; and, in this case, I determined to favour her inclination; and to be only a tender father to her.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

THE valour of the Russian soldier is so mechanical that he dreads the cane of his officer more than the cannon of the enemy; it may be said of him that he is afraid to be a coward. At the siege of Otchakof, a piquet guard, going to an advanced post, met an officer in the trenches, who said to them, "The Turks have made a sally; the post to which you are going is already in their hands; turn back or you will be cut to pieces."—"What is that to us?" answered one of the soldiers, "Prince Dolgorouky is answerable for us." Notwithstanding the officer's representations, they went on, and returned no more.



## LABOUR AND EASE;

AN ALLEGORY.  
  
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"From labour, health, from health contentment springs;  
Contentment opes the source of ev'ry joy." BEATTIE.

  
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IN a delightful valley, where the footsteps of oppression had not withered up the freedom and independence of mortals, stood the cottage of Labour. He was the child of Poverty and Simplicity; and resided with his parents on a small farm, which, by his exertions, produced the family the mere necessities of life. His fields were covered with grain of the first quality: no noxious weeds reared their disgraceful heads above the fruits of the earth; and Neatness was also an inmate of his dwelling.

Health and Cheerfulness were his offspring, and soothed the moments of his retirement, which were but few, while they frequently assisted him in his occupations abroad. At night, Sleep scattered over his humble couch delightful flowers of every hue, while Oblivion watched by his pillow, and kept far from him the too frequent intruders Care, Conscience, and Disease. Yet, with all these blessings, Labour knew not complete happiness: Enjoyment was never the guest at his table, though he wished for her society; but in her stead Fatigue daily intruded herself, and poisoned his evening pleasures, which would otherwise have been unadulterated and serene.

Accustomed to the attendance of Health, her charms had lost their zest, and afforded him no delight; and Discontent, a sullen and unlovely being, too often accompanied him into the fields, while Cheerfulness, his usual attendant, remained in the cottage with Poverty and Simplicity.

Near Labour's cottage, stood the palace of Ease. He was the son of Wealth, who had bestowed upon him an estate, amply sufficient to support every fancy and indulgence. Luxury was the caterer of all his meals, and Excess generally the companion of his bottle. Sofas of the softest down were provided for his repose; but, alas! Sleep was too often absent, preferring the peaceful cottage of Labour to the relaxing pleasures of the palace of Ease. Indeed, she sometimes deigned to pay her wealthy neighbour a short visit as morning began to dawn, when her friend had arisen from his bed, offered up his praises to the Supreme Being, and commenced his labours in the field. Surrounded as Ease was by every delight, happiness was far from being his portion; the pleasures of appetite were generally succeeded by satiety. Languor was his inseparable attendant, and ruled his wishes and pursuits. Exercise, indeed, frequently offered to banish this troublesome guest, by substituting himself; but Ease preferred the inertness of the former to the activity of the latter. Every attempt made by his attendants to amuse him, produced only disgust; and Disease, at length, goaded him continually. He became a mass of unwholesome corpulency, and bloated humours; his days passed away without exertion, and his nights were consumed in pain and reproaches. He was, at length, informed that Labour possessed those blessings he sighed for; that in the lowly cottage of the son of Poverty he might find Health, and that delightful Sleep, which had lately so much neglected him. Delighted at the prospect of once more recovering his enjoyments, he repaired to the cottage of Labour. Roused by this trifling exertion, he seemed to gather new life. Cheerfulness, the daughter of Labour, met him at the door, and charmed him by the animated beauties of her countenance. Labour met his neighbour also before he entered, and welcomed him to his dwelling: his face was pale and haggard, and disguised by streams of perspiration; his muscular limbs, formed in gigantic mould, denoted uncommon strength, but he seemed overcome with weariness. Indeed,

his life had become a burthen to him: Fatigue constantly haunted him; and almost drove Health and Cheerfulness from his cottage. He listened with attention to the complaints of Ease; and when he had concluded the detail of his miseries, discovered that uniting the interests of each other, and residing under the same roof, was the only method of relieving their distress. Palled with the luxuries and indolence of his palace, Ease determined to reside in the hut of Labour, assist him to cultivate the earth, and by that means partake with him the ecstatic society of Health, Cheerfulness, and Sleep. Labour was overjoyed at this determination, as, by their united endeavours, Fatigue, the demon who had so long rendered his life miserable, would be subdued. Ease soon found his condition much improved; as, by his connection with Labour, he recovered the blessings he had mourned. Wealth now left her offspring, offended at the neglect with which he treated her; and Poverty, disgusted at these new proceedings, fled from the cottage of Labour. Competence supplied the place of both; she was a more sedate female than Wealth, and of a modest carriage; her brow was not clothed with frowns as was that of Poverty; but her mild eye beamed peace to mankind. A material change now took place in their household: Luxury was discharged from his office, and Frugality substituted in his place; finding he was absent who encouraged their ravages, Excess and Satiety soon followed. Indolence was no longer suffered to remain an inmate; but Leisure was chosen to supply her absence, with whom Labour was much delighted. The jaded countenance of the child of Poverty was now changed to rosy fullness, while the sallow livery of fatigue, and over-exertion, gave place to the hue of contentment and exercise. Disease often drew near the cottage to search for her late victim, but Labour preserved Ease from her attack; and upon finding her arch enemy, Health, always present, she soon ceased to molest their moderate enjoyments.

R. P.



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THE TOMB OF AMESTRIS;  
A PERSIAN TALE.

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THE HISTORY OF ANEPHIS, SURNAMED THE HAPPY.

(Continued from page 145.)

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I REMAINED motionless upon the banks till the middle of the night, in a state of dejection that left me only this one thought—*I shall never see Rozelis again!* At length remembering that the night was passing away, I recollected with delight that the heavenly soul of Rozelis would soon come to wander upon this bank, and fix near me. With what impatience I expected day! Suddenly I perceived with delight in the horizon the first ray of morning. Immediately a dazzling cloud appeared, like that which had separated me from Rozelis. This brilliant and slight vapour slowly advanced, carried by the zephyrs; it stopped opposite me, upon the banks of the river, and spread a delicious perfume upon surrounding objects. I fell on my knees, raising my arms to heaven; it seemed that my soul was disengaged from earth to go, and be united in the celestial regions to that of the divine Rozelis! I contemplated this cloud with ecstasy; I sought not to call to mind the person of Rozelis; I should have feared to profane this mysterious rendezvous, this aerial vision of a love so pure by intermingling a single terrestrial idea. Besides, her enchanting person had no longer the same empire over my imagination, since I knew that her soul could be freed from it! After the time prescribed, which to me slid away like an enchanting and fleeting dream, the cloud sailed close to the shore, letting fall a perfumed dew, which produced at the same instant a multitude of flowers and fruit-trees, of every kind. I found myself in an enchanted garden; but the enchantment existed no longer: I fell again from heaven to earth: the cloud had vanished into air. O Rozelis! cried I, my soul has followed

thine; it is no longer in these places, embellished by thee, that thou hast just quitted; I follow weeping thy divine steps; I love to contemplate them: thy favours occupy me! I admire thy ingenious gifts; I have lost the faculty of enjoying them; thou hast just carried away my happiness: the sorrowful Anephis is no more than a wandering shadow; he will not revive till day appears. Oh! how I hate the brilliant star which succeeds the sweet break of day! How immense appears the circle which he travels over! with what pleasure I see the veil of night extend itself!—I may hope at least that, during my sleep, a beneficent dream will make me see some instants sooner this brightness so pure, which can alone reanimate my existence. While speaking thus, my tears trickled gently down; and I delivered myself up to the most profound melancholy. But this state had charms for me; it was not caused by a vulgar passion; I could grow proud of my love.

At sun-set, I went to the banks of the Euphrates; and saw, with surprise, an empty boat, fastened to the side, whose singularity attracted all my attention; it was at once mournful and magnificent; formed of ebony, decorated with gold, it carried a black crape sail, and a sepulchral urn, ornamented with two cypress branches crossed. This sight affected me. I thought that the ashes of a beloved object reposed in this urn; and that they were carried to the place chosen for their interment. Wishing to examine the inscription which appeared imprinted on the urn, I went into the boat; but no sooner had I put my foot into it than it was hastily disengaged from the bank, and carried me away upon the river with incredible swiftness. I wished to get from this small enchanted boat; but all my efforts were useless; I was detained by an invisible and powerful hand; and knew my fatal imprudence too late. Carried away upon the waves with magic volocity, I was in the main sea in the evening;—the heavens were suddenly covered with darker clouds; and, in this obscure night, I remarked that the black crape sail of the boat became luminous. I looked at it attentively. An invisible and barbarous hand had just drawn these words

in letters of fire—*Terror and Vengeance!* An instant after, these characters were effaced; and gave place to these—*Thou wilt be landed in three hours in the Isle of Terror, now the empire of Typhon!* I then knew the fate that awaited me; the day was breaking, a hope remained, I expected the geni and Rozelis to send me aid; but, alas! detained by duties sacred to her, Rozelis, ignorant of the dreadful danger to which I was exposed, came not. I saw with horror the two hours of rendezvous glide away; soon after, I perceived in the midst of a tempestuous sea, surrounded with sands and threatening rocks, the odious Isle of Terror. In this part of his narration, Anephis, much agitated, stopped. After a moment's silence, he proceeded—I am, said he, arrived at an epoch of my life, the remembrance of which makes my hair stand on end. I have things so terrible to relate that I want to prepare myself. I dare entreat you, Sire, to permit me to defer the recital, and not to terminate it till to-morrow. The king granted him this permission; although the mention of the Isle of Terror had inspired him with a great deal of curiosity; and Anephis withdrew.

The next morning Anephis was introduced to the king and thus resumed his narrative—

The day began to decline, when my magic bark threw me upon the frightful shore of the *Isle of Terror*. Immediately a vile set of slaves, with livid complexions, and dark and ferocious looks, rushed upon me, seized me, and loaded me with chains: afterwards they dragged me about, saying that they were conducting me to the place where I was to suffer my punishment. After having crossed a barren plain, called the Valley of Demons, we entered a winding and withered alley of trees, which had never borne leaves, or fruits; the nightingale and dove never deposited their nests on these shapeless and naked trunks; but owls took refuge there in number. In this horrible place, no sound was heard but their ominous notes, and the roaring of an ever-tempestuous sea.

Suddenly I was almost suffocated by a sulphurous and bituminous smell, and I perceived a thick smoke, which



was rising in a vortex, and confounded with the dark clouds which always remain suspended over this unhappy isle. At last, they conducted me to the edge of a gulf, from whence issued exhalations and flames which spread in the air a suffocating heat. The slaves, after having bound me to a stake, ranged themselves round the gulf, all exclaiming at once—*Thou shalt be immediately hurled into this abyss!* I was perfectly resigned to my fate; I was not pleased to answer them, but preserved a profound silence. Nevertheless excessive fatigue making my eye-lids heavy, my eyes at times closed in spite of every effort; then the slaves, striking with their pikes upon their brass shields, made me start out of my sleep, calling out again—*Thou shalt be immediately hurled into this abyss!*—Thus they deferred my death for the sole purpose of increasing my feelings of horror. An hour after dark, I saw the slaves place an iron throne on the other side of the gulf, opposite me. An instant after the frightful Typhon appeared; he sent away all the slaves, took his seat upon the throne; and we were left together, separated only by the gulf. At length, said he, I can revenge thy insolence! Seest thou this iron wand; I have compelled Morgeline to give it me; of all that she possesses, this is the only thing that I desired. This formidable wand can only serve for hatred and revenge; to me, it is a treasure. With it, I have produced this gulf, which shall swallow thee up; and in which I yet hope to plunge both Rozelis and all my enemies. Demons, subjected to my power, continued he, demons, rise in an instant from your profound abysses, and shew your last victim to my rival, a young senseless girl, who dared to despise my favours. At these words, hideous forms, half issuing from the abyss, appeared across the flames, carrying the corpse of a young woman covered with blood. I shut my eyes, that I might not see this horrible spectacle! Typhon again spoke, to repeat to me, that I was going to suffer the same fate; and as I had my eyes constantly closed, he shook his terrible head, and all his serpents sounded their frightful voices for half an hour. At last, I opened my eyes,

and the monster still caused a multitude of spectres to come up from the abyss in succession. Nevertheless the night was sliding away; and I began to flatter myself that even the cruelty of the monster, who was pleased to prolong my sufferings, might become the cause of my salvation. With this view, I affected to be dreadfully affrighted at the sight of the horrible appearances that he made to pass before my eyes. I complained of great thirst, and in this I did not dissemble, for I was really consumed with thirst. The monster, to enjoy my misery, could not determine to put an end to my existence: he was ever speaking to insult my feelings, when, raising my eyes towards heaven, I thought I could distinguish a faint light! I invoked Myrtea and Love, and distinctly perceived at a distance the gold and purple cloud; then, restored to life, in my soul I defied all the infernal powers. Suddenly appeared in the air a swan, of brilliant whiteness, holding in his beak a superb branch of roses, which, with transport, I knew to be the magic sceptre of Rozelis. The swan deliverer, swiftly flying, slightly touched Typhon with one of his wings, and the monster immediately fell into a slumber; then the swan, hovering over my head, gently shook the branch of roses, three drops of celestial dew fell upon my burning lips, and my thirst was quenched, and myself strengthened. At this instant, the infernal wand, which could only produce evil, escaped from the hand of the giant, lulled to sleep. The swan seized it, carried it away like a straw, and threw it into the gulf.—The monster awoke, howling frightfully; we heard a loud clap of thunder, a thunderbolt fell upon the head of the monster, and precipitated him into the abyss\*; the banks of this gulf then rapidly rising, made the aperture narrower, and formed a huge mountain, filled with sulphur and fire, whose open summit always emits an eternal flame. Typhon, buried in this burning gulf, retains his existence as a punishment:

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\* Mythology says that Typhon was struck with a thunderbolt by Jupiter; and buried under Mount Etna with the other giants, whose efforts to deliver themselves produce the concussions and trembling of the earth.

his vain efforts to get out of it, often shake the isle whose empire he had usurped. This sanguinary tyrant, notwithstanding his frightful chastisement, reigns there still by terror. My chains were loosened, and the post to which I had been bound was transformed to a column of white marble, upon which the beneficent swan placed herself, holding in her beak the branch of roses. In tears of love and gratitude, I threw myself on my knees before the column. I remarked that it bore an inscription, traced in letters of gold, and read as follows—

*(To be continued.)*

#### DR. GOLDSMITH.

WHEN the late Dr. Goldsmith lodged in Green-arbour Court, his chief employment was the composing of small books, adapted to the capacities of children, and his chief patron the gentleman whom, in the Vicar of Wakefield, he distinguishes by the appellation of the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard.—The doctor generally devoted himself entirely to the children of the families where he visited, seeming to prefer their conversation to that of the rest of the company. He had something peculiar in his manner of addressing the infant race; some tale, fable, or poem, serious or comic, ever ready to attract their attention; and not unfrequently in his pockets cakes, more substantial, to please their palates: he was, in fact, in this respect, the character of Burchell, heightened and identified by a manner peculiarly his own.—It was the opinion of Dr. G. that the infant mind was capable of a much more extended degree of comprehension than had at that period been generally ascribed to it; nay, it will be observed, that many, even of his larger works, were intended to foster the expansion of juvenile talents; and therefore we are inclined to date the era when rational literature for children triumphed over those nonsensically wonderful productions which had rather weakened than informed their minds, from the first endeavours of the doctor to introduce common sense into our nurseries, and, by a proper and insinuating mode of tuition, to teach—

“The young idea how to shoot.”



NARRATIVE, BY THE MONITRESS.

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“More misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our temper than by real misfortunes.”

KNOX.

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THE justness of this observation is so frequently illustrated, that every attentive observer must acknowledge its truth; and much is it to be deplored that persons of that irritability of disposition, against the indulgence of which I have been endeavouring to caution my fair readers, should make a point of displaying it, to the destruction of the happiness of their nearest connexions. Yet, as what has been already said upon the subject of temper, has been intended as an admonitory lesson to parents, in the following narration I shall endeavour to give strength to my observations, by displaying the happy and unhappy consequences which arise from a judicious, or injudicious, mode of education.

Eliza Fitzosbourn was the only child of a general officer, who, in an eminent degree, had distinguished himself in the field of battle; and who, at the close of an engagement where valour had triumphed over numbers, received a wound which was instantly pronounced mortal.

Few men are so well prepared to receive a hasty summons as General Fitzosbourn: he had been a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind parent, and a tender husband. In his public capacity, he was admired and respected; he behaved to the soldiers with a degree of kindness that appeared parental; and though every man in his regiment was compelled to perform his duty, he did it from the desire of obtaining his approbation.

That a frivolous or insipid character was not likely to interest the feelings of a man like Fitzosbourn, my readers will naturally imagine; and I do not conceive it possible to

pay Mrs. Fitzosbourn a higher compliment, than by saying, she was completely deserving the affection of the general.

When the news arrived of the death of this admirable individual, every feeling seemed paralyzed by the violence of the blow; but Religion soon assumed the garb of Consolation, and Resignation's soothing balm was poured into the cup of Sorrow. The duties which the unhappy widow had now to perform individually, appeared in a still more imposing view; and she plainly perceived that the only pledge of conjugal affection demanded the most undeviating attention. This object of hope, fear, and tenderness, was the victim of impetuosity and violence; and during the short period in which grief had absorbed the mother's faculties, had actually become a little tyrant over the domestics.

"I must conquer this stupefying effect of sorrow, Benson," said Mrs. Fitzosbourn, to her attendant, one evening, "or the disposition of my beloved Emma will be totally ruined; I heard her screaming in the most violent manner, because you would not give her another tartlet."

"I hope, ma'am, rejoined Benson, you were not displeased at the refusal; for Miss Emma had already eaten three, and I was fearful more might make her sick; but she declared she would scream until you heard her, knowing you would let her have as many as she liked, rather than she should fret, as that would make her ill, and then you would fancy she would die, and be put into a pit."

"Oh, Benson! is it possible that such an idea could strike a child not six years of age!" exclaimed the anxious mother, alarmed at the artifice the object of her affection had displayed; and from that moment resolving to conquer the enervating effect of grief. Tartlets the next day were, as usual, placed upon the table, and the moment Emma beheld them, she gave the footman her plate; at the same time saying, "Give me two, if you please, mama, they are so very, very nice!"

"I shall not give you any, Emma," replied her mother,

"for your very improper behaviour to Benson last night; but I shall eat one, as you recommend them, and hope shall have the pleasure of gratifying your appetite another time."

Doubt and astonishment marked the child's countenance, as she fixed her expressive eyes upon her mother's face, who, having taken a tartlet, ate it very composedly, and then ordered the dish to be taken away. The man, in obeying this command, passed the chair on which Emma was seated, who snatched one of the forbidden dainties as he was taking them away. "Put it back this instant!" said her mother; but the daring child placed it upon her plate. Mrs. Fitzosbourn arose from her seat for the purpose of preventing her from tasting it, but Emma, evidently aware of the design, crammed part into her mouth, and, at the same moment, broke the other into atoms, and scattered it about her plate.

This alarming proof of effrontery and disobedience, drew tears of exquisite affliction from the unhappy mother's eyes. "Quit my presence this moment, and pray to the Almighty to forgive you, for being guilty of such a dreadful, such a daring crime!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzosbourn, averting her head as she addressed the child.

Benson received orders to conduct Emma to her chamber, but, in stooping to take her hand, received a blow upon the eye; Mrs. Fitzosbourn instantly unloosed the girdle which confined her garment, and with it, tied the hands of the rebellious child; and, having done so, entreated Benson to remove an object so disgusting out of her sight! Though it was not the first time Emma had been banished from the presence of her affectionate mother, no coercive measure had ever before been tried; and the sensation produced by it, totally subdued the impetuosity of her mind.

Various were the tender appeals she made to Benson, that her hands might be untied; but Emma was informed, that, though she had been daring enough to disobey her mother's orders, Benson loved her too tenderly to be guilty of such a crime. "You cannot love her half, nor a quarter so well



as I do!" sobbed out the agitated Emma, horror-struck by the judicious woman's representation of the enormity of her crime, and eager to make every atonement that self-conviction could devise. That forgiveness she was so anxious to obtain was necessarily protracted by Mrs. Fitzosbourn, contrary to every former custom, having ordered her carriage, and taken a solitary drive; whilst the penitent Emma remained the victim of coercion, and who, after the first half hour, never even requested to have her hands untied. Even Benson, who loved the wayward Emma with maternal fondness, began inwardly to accuse her mistress of too much severity; for Mrs. Fitzosbourn had driven to a neighbouring village, and took tea with the clergyman's family.

Instead of flying up into the nursery, to embrace the beloved object of her affection, Mrs. Fitzosbourn sent the house-maid to supply Benson's place, eagerly demanding from that faithful domestic in what manner Emma had behaved. The penitence described, acted as a cordial to the amiable mother's feelings. "Heaven grant I may never more feel it a duty incumbent upon me to act with severity towards my beloved child!" she exclaimed, in a voice of affliction, whilst tears of maternal tenderness started into her eyes. Upon entering the apartment in which the penitent Emma had been commanded to remain prisoner, Mrs. Fitzosbourn represented the enormity of her conduct in language calculated for her apprehension; concluding her remonstrance by a positive assurance, that, upon the slightest display of violence or disobedience, she would not only be sent to school, but entirely lose the affection of her parent.

This judicious mode of treating the rebellious little Emma, produced the happiest effect upon her disposition; and was the only time that her affectionate mother was reduced to the necessity of coercion. Whenever that impetuosity, which was natural to her disposition, appeared inclined to break forth, Mrs. Fitzosbourn recalled to her recollection the violence she had displayed respecting the tart; and this hint never failed producing the desired effect upon her conduct. The common occurrences of life afforded ample

subject for this judicious mother to expatiate upon; and frequent were the beacons which were held up to her, as warnings against the indulgence of passion. Thus cautioned and instructed, both by precept and example, my readers will not be astonished at hearing that the heroine of my story became not only an amiable, but an exemplary young woman. Happy was it for her, that at an early period she was taught the necessity of subduing her passions; for the object on whom she fixed her affection was of a temper peculiarly violent; and who, had he been united to a woman who had opposed his inclinations, would have evidently proved a bad husband. The gentleness of Emma's manner, however, united to the readiness with which she complied with his caprices, in time, produced the happiest effect upon his disposition; and he declared to a friend, that the shame he had always felt at having given pain to a mind so gentle, had enabled him to conquer a natural propensity to violence.

As the just blending of light and shade give effect to a well-executed landscape, so act contrarieties in human nature; and virtue and vice never appear so striking as when brought in immediate contrast with each other.

Eliza Conway, like Emma Fitzosbourn, was an only daughter, and at once the idol of a vain and weak mother, who, at the age of two-and-twenty, had married a man nearly three score. Fortune was the foundation of this unequal alliance; for the lady's father, who was a merchant, had died insolvent; and Mr. Conway, from the purest motives of friendship, offered the widow and daughter a temporary asylum in his splendid mansion. By such a system as artifice only could have suggested, the old gentleman was taught to believe, that, by this act of friendship, the character of Miss D—— had been exposed to the vilest aspersions; and impressed with this idea, to the destruction of his future happiness, he was induced to offer marriage, as the only compensation.

Mr. Conway soon discovered that the guest and the wife were very opposite characters; and, being naturally of an

easy disposition; he sacrificed his own wishes to avoid contention. Such was the mother of the ill-fated Eliza Conway, who, in the early period of childhood, gave evident proofs of a naturally amiable disposition; yet who, by the folly and extreme indulgence of her misjudging parent, as she advanced in years, became an object of detestation. In every point, except where the future happiness of his daughter was connected, Mr. Conway permitted his wife to indulge her capricious inclinations; and even there, contention generally defeated its benevolent purpose; for Eliza was taught to consider her worthy father as a domestic tyrant. This excellent man, however, unfortunately for Eliza, paid the debt of nature just as she had completed her thirteenth year; but, aware of the weak indulgence she would receive from her mother, he placed her under a respectable clergyman's care; appointing him both guardian and executor, as well as trustee to the widow.

When Mrs. Conway was made acquainted with an arrangement, of which she had not the slightest suspicion, even decency did not prevent her from uttering the most violent invectives against her husband, which so completely exasperated Mr. Heartwell, that he felt inclined to relinquish the important trust. Cool reflection, however, told him, that such an act might prove ruinous to the being who had been committed to his protection; and he resolved faithfully to fulfil the trust reposed in him, and counteract, as far as he was able, the effect of injudicious indulgence.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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#### LOVE.

CAN you condemn all riches, and prepare to take a long journey, one that will last for life, in company with a poor man? Will you not be peevish, and lament, when the roads are bad, and the ups and downs of marriage cares jolt and jostle you?—

Not if they cast me against the man I love;—for I would cleave to him for support; I would think hills and dales more pleasant with him, than a smooth, beaten way with any other.



## WIFE AND NO WIFE;

## A ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 152.)

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ANGERSTEIN, though dismissed as a lover, still was allowed the privilege of visiting as a friend. To the son of her guardian, Virginia ever paid a marked deference, a deference which his sense of moderation and probity of character fully entitled him to; and although his passion for her was as ardent as his nature was susceptible of, and it gave him pain to see her surrounded by a numerous train of admirers, he felt a secret satisfaction in observing that none had the power to touch her heart; he therefore continued his visits, perhaps instigated by the hope that he should ultimately succeed, and determined, at all events, to watch over her with the assiduous care of a tender brother. Virginia never troubled herself to penetrate his views; she esteemed and respected him, and was pleased to say that Angerstein was in fact a *reasonable being*.

On the evening of her party, she waited with impatience the arrival of her new guests: many of her visitors had already assembled; Angerstein, as usual, stationed himself near her, but she was restrained by an innate sense of delicacy from intimating to him how anxious she was for their arrival; she merely intimated that she expected her party would be augmented by two gentlemen who were foreigners, and in some degree related to her. At length the gentlemen were announced, and were received with welcoming smiles by their fair hostess, who immediately introduced them to Miss Melcombe and Mr. Angerstein. Sebastian, whose intelligent countenance quickly revealed every sensation, no sooner cast his eyes on Angerstein, than his varying colour betrayed an agitation, which Virginia could not account for in any other

way than that he had heard of his having formerly pretended to her hand ; and this little trait of jealousy, though in some degree alarming, was more agreeable than painful. She, nevertheless, could not help observing that Angerstein, in his turn, regarded Sebastian with marked attention ; and she took an opportunity of enquiring if they had ever met before. Angerstein hesitated, but replied, " No, I think not ; yet the features of your young relation seem familiar to me."—" You have visited Madrid, I think," said Virginia, carelessly ; " probably you have been in the same party with him, yet do not recollect it."—" Are they from Madrid then?"—" Yes, they have not been in England above a week."—Virginia being then obliged to attend the arrangement of the card tables, nothing more was said on the subject. During the evening, she felt particularly pleased by the marked attention and silent homage of the young Spaniard, who did indeed possess powers of fascination beyond what even she, though strongly infatuated, had not prepared herself to expect. He touched several instruments with the skill of a professor and the taste of an amateur ; his voice was powerful and melodious, and his conversation replete with that delicate gallantry which never fails to please the most sensible woman, a talent for which foreigners are mostly admired, and in which our countrymen are generally deficient. The evening passed delightfully to Virginia ; and the penetrating Angerstein readily perceived, that, superior as he had ever considered her understanding, she was, like most of her sex, assailable on the weak side, vanity ; yet, like a true Englishman, he endeavoured to console himself with the idea, that, even to *obtain her*, he could not condescend to fawn and flatter, or sing and dance himself into any woman's good graces.

Don Lopez did not fail to profit by this favourable opening ; and, fearful of trusting to female caprice, he resolved upon coming to an immediate understanding ; for this purpose, he waited on Virginia, having previously solicited a personal interview, and, after some preliminary chat, brought forward the subject he had most at heart. Virginia, surprised, but not displeased, by this precipitation, playfully at first strove to

evade his proposals—"Your son, Don Lopez," said she, "has, I think, evinced somewhat of fickleness, in having so soon transferred his regard, if I may presume to credit your assertions. Did I not understand, upon our first acquaintance, that his health and spirits were suffering in consequence of a hopeless attachment?"—"And did I not also give you to understand," returned Don Lopez, in the same tone, "that I brought him hither to effect his cure?"

"But the success has almost anticipated the means employed. Pardon me, Don Lopez, but indeed I can scarcely think so highly of my own powers of attraction; I hope you are not attempting to play upon my credulity."—"The insinuation, madam, is rather offensive," replied Don Lopez, with hauteur, "I can only pardon it in consideration of that modesty which may render you insensible of your own influence over the hearts of all who behold you."—Virginia bowed to this extravagant compliment, but she had discernment enough to perceive the mixture of resentment and irony which it contained.

"I had no intention of offending you, Don Lopez," she replied gravely; "perhaps I expressed myself awkwardly, but I could not help thinking, that in this affair *your influence* might have been more powerful than mine."—"I understand you, Miss Darlington, and am sorry that I should have become the object of your suspicion: I possess, however, the means of proving to you that your conjectures are equally injurious and unfounded. May I beg to remind you of a codicil to your father's will, by which he bequeathed to the child of my sister, should it happen to survive you, the greatest part of his property, in the event of your dying unmarried, or without issue."—"Your allusion astonishes me," replied Virginia, "I do indeed recollect there is such a codicil, but never deemed it worth attention, as it was generally believed that the child died in its infancy."—"Mr. Darlington had reasons of his own for pretending so, but he knew better, or there would have been no occasion for such a codicil; however, the daughter of my unhappy sister is now no more; but I must at the same time inform you, that the property so be-



queathed can be claimed by me, the next heir. I have taken legal advice upon the subject, and am assured of the possibility of establishing such claim: a litigation of this kind would certainly be unpleasant, and it is to prevent the necessity of such a measure that I have acceded to the wishes of my son, not with any mercenary view as you must now perceive."—"Your information surprises me, I own; and I should feel half inclined to doubt whether the result would be as you expect. It is not now worth an argument: I can only say, that, under existing circumstances, your overtures appear precipitate."—"Still doubting, I find," said Don Lopez: "well then there is a way to satisfy your scruples; take the trouble to inspect this, madam;" and he presented a small morocco case, which, upon opening, Virginia found to contain a miniature of herself, admirably painted, and a correct likeness—her eyes begged an explanation. "To satisfy my own curiosity," resumed Don Lopez, "I procured this (no matter how) from England. I unguardedly shewed it to Sebastian, and it made an instantaneous impression. This, madam, was the hopeless attachment of which I spoke; for, believe me, no other woman has ever had the power to raise one tender emotion in his breast."—Virginia was not inclined to doubt the flattering assertion, and gave Don Lopez to understand, that if Sebastian wished to reveal his sentiments, she would not give him a repulsive answer. This arrangement was no sooner made than she imparted it to her friend, Miss Melcombe, who was almost thunderstruck at the intelligence. "And is it possible, Virginia," she enquired, "that you, who have ever been so guarded, so scrupulous on this subject, should now fall so readily into the snare laid by this designing man (for, excuse me, but I cannot think well of Don Lopez); a snare it certainly is, although I have not penetration enough to fathom the depth of it: you must certainly be infatuated."—"Call it what you please," returned Virginia; "I am not in the humour to quarrel with you, though I think you might make some allowance for the prepossessing qualities of Sebastian; even the grave Angerstein allows him to be irresistible."

"Angerstein is too generous to speak ill of his rival."—

"Say rather he does not feel the sting," replied Virginia, shaking her head: "be sure, Marian, that men have as much envy in their composition as women; aye, and are as fond of slander too; but, as I said before, Angerstein does not feel it is this coldness, this apathy, which makes me fear to trust my happiness in his keeping. Oh! Virginia, what misery it must be for a woman of sensibility to place a fond confiding heart on one who may repay her only with studied civility, with heartless forms of good breeding; under such circumstances, she becomes a slave rather than a wife.—" Indeed, Virginia, you know not Angerstein; I am sure you mistake his character; he loves you, I am certain, with fervour, tempered by the delicacy of a pure and generous mind; such a passion would increase rather than abate, while the enthusiasm of this foreigner may very soon subside into indifference, into palpable neglect perhaps, or even unkindness; besides, you know nothing of his moral character."—"My dear Marian, have I not often told you, that the omnipotent influence of woman over the heart of a man who truly loves her, is such, that she can mould him into a new being, and effect a change in all his previous habits, even were they such as might have an immoral tendency."—"I hope you will never have to experience the fallacy of this doctrine, Virginia; I have, however, done my duty in warning you; we shall not be the less friends for it, I trust."—Virginia extended her hand, but Marian saw that she was displeased, and from that time never resumed the subject.

In the course of a few weeks after the conversation above recited, Miss Melcombe was solicited by her friend to accompany her to the altar as bride's-maid. Angerstein was no sooner apprised of the expected event, than he retired into the country, there to give vent in secret to the anguish of disappointed hope; for, though pride had hitherto supported his spirits under the mortification of being rejected, he loved Virginia with sincerity; and felt most keenly, when certain that she was lost to him for ever. Every necessary arrangement being made, Don Lopez attended Sebastian to witness the signing of the marriage writings. A liberal settlement was secured

to Virginia; and Sebastian, no longer the timid, retired character he had at first appeared, enchanted Virginia with his vivacity and ardour. She gave her hand without one sensation of reluctance, or apprehension, and the ceremony was concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, except Miss-Melcombe, who read, or fancied she read, in the eyes of Don Lopez, a malignant triumph, which made her tremble for the future peace of her friend.

(*To be continued.*)

#### DR. LANGHORNE.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE, the ingenious divine and poet,\* was one day in company with a very beautiful young lady.—Beauty, whether a man be a grave clergyman or a gay officer, is always attractive; he, therefore, fixed his eyes upon her, till her sensibility took the alarm, her blushes glowed, and she exhibited evident marks of confusion. The Doctor, observing the mischief that he had occasioned, felt that he had been too particular; and therefore, by way of apology, said, “I ask your pardon, young lady, for the earnestness with which I have regarded your lovely features; but, indeed, my thoughts were not those of an admirer; on the contrary, I was contemplating what havoc *Death* must one day make in that beautiful countenance.”

Though by this observation the young lady was thrown into greater confusion than before, she had yet the spirit to reply, “I am sorry, sir, that your thoughts have taken so *grave* a turn with respect to my countenance; at the same time I congratulate you, that it is impossible for even *Death* itself to make *much* alteration in yours.”†

\* He was a writer in the Monthly Review; and also published poems: Theodosius and Constantia, Solyman and Almena, Frederick and Pharamond, Effusions of Fancy, Sermons, &c. &c.

† The Doctor, it should be observed, was what is termed a *very plain man*.



## ON THE MODERN GALA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

Sir,

HAVING been, a few evenings since, introduced by a friend to the gala of a city lady, the wife of an opulent tradesman, I was so immediately impressed, by the scenes around me, with the justness of the celebrated Mrs. West's observations (in her letters to a young lady) on the *wives of men in reputable circumstances, feeling themselves obliged to mingle with what is called the world*, that I think your female readers, who have not fortunately perused the original work, will not only be gratified, but improved, by a few extracts from that lady's meritorious and indefatigable efforts to exalt the character, and inform the understanding, of the rising generation.

On the wives alluded to—associating with what is called the world—Mrs. West very justly observes, “Did any of these adventurous dames consider the heavy services which this association requires, did they fairly rate the fatigue, the perplexity, the slavery of being *very genteel* upon a *limited* scale, they would think it better to prefer a plain system of social comfort, even at the expense of that ridicule which, I lament to say, such a deviation from refinement would incur. Yet, when there is no housekeeper in the spice-room, nor butler at the sideboard, an elegant entertainment occasions more labour and perplexity to the mistress of the house, than she would undergo by a regular performance of services highly beneficial and praise-worthy. What anxiety is there that every part of the splendid repast should be properly selected, well-dressed, and served in style! What care to keep the every-day garb of the family economics out of sight, and to convince the guests that this is the usual style of living; though, if they credit the report, it must only

confirm their suspicion that their hostess is actually insane. What blushing confusion do these *demi*-fashionists discover, if detected in any employment that seems to indicate a little remaining regard for prudence and economy! What irregularity and inconvenience must the family experience during the days immediately preceding the gala! what irritation of temper, what neglect of children, what disregard of religious and social offices! And for what is all this sacrifice? to procure the honour of being talked of; for happiness, or even comfort, are rarely expected at such entertainments. Notwithstanding all due preparation, something goes wrong, either in the dinner, or the company. The face of the inviter displays mortification, instead of exultation; and the invited disguise the sneer of ridicule under the fixed simper of affected politeness. Nor let the giver of the feast complain of disappointment. She aimed not to please, but to dazzle; not to gratify her guests by the cheerful hilarity of her table, but to announce her own superiority in taste, or in expense. When the hospitable hostess spreads her plain, but plentiful board for friendship and kindred, for those whom she loves or respects, those whom she seeks to oblige, or those to whom she wishes to acknowledge obligation, where vanity and self are kept out of sight, and real generosity seeks no higher praise than that of giving a sufficient and comfortable repast with a pleasing welcome, a fastidious observance of any accidental mistake, or trivial error, might be justly called ill-nature and ingratitude; but when Ostentation summons her myrmidons to behold the triumph, let Ridicule join the party, and proclaim the defeat.

But this insatiable monster, a rage for distinction, is not content with spoiling the comforts of the cheerful regale; luxury has invented a prodigious number of accommodations in the department of moveables; and the mistress of a tiny villa at Hackney, or a still more tiny drawing-room in Crutched Friars, only waits to know if her Grace has placed them in her baronial residence, to pronounce that they are comforts, without which no soul can exist. Hence it becomes an undertaking of no little skill, to conduct one's

person through an apartment twelve feet square, furnished in *style* by a lady of *taste*, without any injury to ourselves or to the fauteuils, candelabras, console-tables, jardiniers, chiffoniers, &c. Should we, at entering the apartment, escape the work-boxes, foot-stools, and cushions for lap-dogs, our debut may still be celebrated by the overthrow of half a dozen of top-gallant screens, as many perfume jars, or even by the total demolition of a glass cabinet stuck full of stuffed monsters. By an inadvertent remove of our chair backwards, we may thrust it through the paper-frame of the book-stand, or the pyramidal flower-basket; and our nearer approach to the fire is barricaded by nodding mandarins and branching lustres. It is well, if the height of the apartment permits us to glide secure under the impending danger of crystal lamps, chandeliers, and gilt bird-cages, inhabited by screaming canaries. An attempt to walk would be too presumptuous, amidst the opposition of a host of working-tables, sofas, rout chairs, and Ottomans. To return from a visit without having committed or suffered any depredation, is an event almost similar to the famous expedition of the Argonauts. The fair mistress, indeed, generally officiates as pilot; and by observing how she folds or unfurls her redundant train, and enlarges or contracts the waving of her plumes, one may practise the dilating or diminishing graces according to the most exact rules of geometrical proportion; happy if we can steal a moment from the circumspection that our arduous situation requires, to admire the quantity of pretty things which are collected together, and enquire if they are really of any use." Thus, Mr. Editor, doth Mrs. West dilate, with not ungentle satire, on the *modern gala* given by persons in the *middle classes* of society. Her observations, it must be owned, are certainly very just, and truly applicable to all those who attempt appearances beyond their proper sphere of life; who, by all such endeavours to vie in splendour with the highest circles, not only incur the contempt of their superiors, but the ridicule of those of their own rank, as well as of their inferiors.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's, &c.

A. P.



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HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

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It has been observed by a judicious, though satirical writer, that two predominant passions agitate the breast of every female—the love of pleasure, and the love of sway. In married life, it will be generally found that the latter is most powerful, and there is little doubt but that every woman could rule her husband, if her over-eagerness to establish her dominion did not sometimes defeat itself. By ruling a husband, I do not, however, wish it to be understood that a woman should desire to lord it over her husband, or make him appear contemptible by a sneaking submission to her will and caprices; I mean only, that gratifying influence which every sensible or worthy woman might possess, and which, if judiciously exerted, would secure their mutual happiness; for observation has convinced me, that things never go on so well as when wives take the reins of government in their own hands, though much steadiness, patience, and dexterity, are requisite for the proper guidance of them. I could produce innumerable instances to justify this assertion; but, to avoid prolixity, will confine myself to one. I lately accompanied a relation, an intelligent man, and an old bachelor, to the house of a friend, where he assured me I should be as welcome as himself. We were indeed received with great kindness by both Mr. Walpole and his lady, and entertained in the most hospitable manner; but what delighted me more than all, was the picture of domestic happiness which I had an opportunity of contemplating. When we quitted the house, my relation asked me, how I liked his friends? I assured him, I was enchanted with them. “Indeed,” said I, “Mrs. Walpole is a character not to be met with every day, I never saw a woman so tractable, so unassuming, and so much in awe of her husband; and yet, from his manner, I should suppose he was too fond of her to treat her unkindly upon any occasion.”

"You are correct in one surmise, but wrong in the other," replied my relation, smiling; "Walpole is indeed too fond of his wife to use her ill, but the tractable, submissive creature you are describing, is not Mrs. Walpole." I stared at him in silence; for I scarcely knew whether we understood each other. "I say," he resumed, "that Mrs. Walpole rules her husband with most despotic sway; but to explain myself fully, I find it necessary that I should tell you their history. First, however, I will relate a little anecdote which will serve to elucidate the subject:

"It was customary, some years back, for the merchants of Rotterdam to present the captains who carried out cargoes for them, on their return, with a gold-laced hat—this became so general, that the captains at last made a regular charge for it in their accounts; and the merchants having, for some particular reasons, come to a resolution of discontinuing it, notice was given to that effect. One captain, however, persisted in his demand; but it was not complied with; he grumbled pretty much, and insisted that he would have it. After the next voyage, when he brought in his account, his employer jocosely observed, that he had not this time charged for his gold-laced hat. To which the phlegmatic Dutchman coolly observed—'It is there, though you cannot see it'—meaning that he had charged for it imperceptibly upon other articles.

"Thus Mrs. Walpole rules her husband, though neither he nor you can see it; in fact, the more secret the sway, the more despotic it is. Walpole, when he married this lady, was young and inexperienced; he was what we call a spoiled child, and though of a most excellent disposition, was volatile and thoughtless to an extreme. Mrs. Walpole, who was some years older, perceived this, and knew how to turn it to account. She had a most sincere regard for him; but had been too long accustomed to liberty and independence to relinquish them inconsiderately. She therefore studied his temper with the greatest nicety, and soon found that, by sacrificing a part, she could gain the whole; or, in other words, by affecting to yield to his opinion and wishes,

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she could contrive to make those wishes and opinions subordinate to her own. It is this way she manages him, and with inconceivable address makes all her own arrangements pass for his. To a casual observer, it appears that *he* alone directs every motion of their domestic machinery, while, in fact, he has no more to do with it than the poor animal who goes his daily round in the mill. Mrs. Walpole plans, contrives, and executes all with judgement, regularity, and good humour. Walpole possesses the shadow of authority, and, happily for himself, mistakes it for the reality. I say happily, for I am satisfied that all domestic affairs thrive best under female superintendence; and when women, like Mrs. Walpole, know how to govern without arrogating to themselves undue authority, their reign is a reign of love and of profit. "But," said I, "Mrs. Walpole loses half her triumph by appearing so submissive to her husband. What avails all her skill and dexterity, if she can derive no consequence from it in the eyes of the world?" "Mrs. Walpole is a sensible woman," replied my relation, "and desires not such petty triumphs; so long as she governs in essentials, she cares little for appearances. I must again remind you, that Walpole is one of those stubborn tempers that will not brook opposition; and were she to attempt to oppose him in trifles, she would soon lose her influence; and so does every woman who is more solicitous about the appearance than the reality. All men are to be governed by kindness and complacency, very few by arrogance or opposition; and this is the reason why I do not marry; for I neither wish to be cheated out of my own way by caresses, nor exasperated by unavailing opposition. If any alteration is necessary in their house or furniture, Mrs. Walpole consults her husband to know in what manner they had best arrange it; he then gives his opinion, which probably is very different from hers, to this Mrs. Walpole seemingly acquiesces; but, in a short time, after having apparently given the subject due consideration, she begins to point out the eligibility of doing it in a different way, for which she is always ready to bring convincing arguments. Walpole hears her remarks in silence, still persist-

ing, when appealed to, that his own way is best, until the time arrives for the purposed alteration, when he immediately directs the workmen to proceed in the way pointed out by Mrs. Walpole; and makes no scruple of taking the merit of the amendment upon himself, while she feels far more pleasure in finding his judgement convinced, than she could possibly have experienced, had she carried her point by scolding or tears. Thus, you see, with a little address, she manages one who, to a different sort of a woman, would perhaps have made a harsh and arbitrary husband; and they are as happy a couple as any you will chance to meet with.

#### GRAY, THE POET.

THE church-yard at Stoke-Poges, Bucks, was the scene of Gray's well-known Elegy. That celebrated poet spent a great part of his youth in this village, and lies buried here himself, under a tomb which he had erected over the remains of his mother and aunt. As there is nothing on the stone that covers his remains, to denote his burial, Mr. Penn has erected a monument for him in the adjoining field\*, with this inscription: "This Monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A. D. 1799, among the scenery celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died in 1771; and lies unnoticed in the adjoining church-yard, under the tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and much-lamented mother."

\* This circumstance gave rise to the following IMPROMPTU:

"Apart from envy, noise and folly,  
Rest, sweet son of melancholy!  
What though no notice mark'd thy hearse,  
Yet still survives elegiac verse:  
Thy mem'ry, dear to ev'ry age,  
Stamp'd on thy own recording page,  
To times remote shall bear thy name,  
Now known to 'fortune and to fame.'  
An instance in yon field we find,  
The work of a congenial mind,  
Who, to avert thy angur'd doom,  
Has given to thee a rural tomb."



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**REVIEW OF LITERATURE.**

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*Extract from CAROLINE SCOTT'S Novel of "HERMIONE; or, THE DEFAULTER;" just published by A. K. Newman, and Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.*

"THE decay of Mrs. Derval was gradual, and so gentle that it was scarcely felt; and her mental faculties being enfeebled by the same mild stroke, benign even while it destroyed, the world seemed to fade from her recollection long before she quitted it; and as long as she retained the power of meditation, her thoughts were fixed on that new state which she anticipated with rapture. If her husband's image occurred to her mind, no ideas of worldly disgrace or personal sufferings embittered the recollection. She thought of him as of a beloved friend, who had indeed sinned, but not beyond the hope of forgiveness. Her darling son, she trusted, she should soon meet again; and as her eyes fondly dwelt on her daughter, as she hung over her couch, she thought not of the unprotected state in which she should leave her, and that, with her own life, even the present means of subsistence would cease. She only beheld in her a spotless creature, to whom she should be quickly reunited; for the term of human life was as nothing to her whose contemplations were fixed on eternity.

"The last of her worldly cares had been to engage Hermione, by a solemn promise, to form no clandestine union with Herman Allancourt. This solicitude, indeed, arose from a spiritual source; for she held in awe the parent's curse, threatened by his father. When relieved of this sole remnant of care, her mind fell into that state of tranquillity and delight already described, and which continued until her last moments.

"She suffered no bodily pain, and her last impressions were those of pleasure; for she died with a smile, and her countenance in death was serene and beautiful.

"Hermione long hung over her mother after she had ex-

pired, in the vain hope of hearing her breathe again. Though the prospect of this event had been so long before her, it seemed to come upon her totally unprepared; and she who had fortitude to have endured a martyr's pangs for her mother, appeared to be now bereaved of all firmness at parting from her. An indescribable feeling of desolation seized on her. She felt alone in the universe. She who had been so long the sole object of all her hopes and fears, no longer existed, and she felt as if she could never again be alive to hope or fear. The object of her constant assiduities was gone, and it seemed to her, that no longer any motive for action was left. She could shed no tear; one idea alone she cherished; it was a belief that the overwhelming sensation of grief which she experienced might destroy her, and that she might be laid in the same grave with her mother. This hope, the offspring of despair, probably saved her reason, if not her life, at this crisis.

"It was long before tears would flow to the relief of the mourner, or that she had the power to speak. Mr. Mackenzie endeavoured to withdraw her from the chamber; his wife joined her entreaties, but could not be persuaded to quit the bedside of the deceased.

"'No,' she said, 'I will look on her to the last. By quitting this place, can I fly from misery? can I forget that she is gone? Oh, no! never!'

"Listless of all about her, she laid the whole day by the bedside of the deceased, and persisted in remaining there all the night.

"Her servant Phoebe, the young girl who had been so fearless in encountering pestilential disease, was terrified at the idea of a breathless corpse, nor could affection for her young mistress conquer the dread she felt at remaining alone with her in the house.

"Hermione could not reason with her on puerile fears, but told her not to stay against her inclination, and that, for herself, she would rather prefer being alone. Poor girl! she would have felt no less lonely and desolate in that hour of sorrow, had crowds encircled her.

"But Phoebe could not bear to think of leaving her mistress alone, and she had been ashamed to confess her fears to Mr. Mackenzie, who had staid till late at night with the mourner, hoping to prevail on her to return home with him; his solicitations, however, had been fruitless, and seeing that her grief was of a nature that time only could alleviate, he thought it might possibly be better to leave her at present to its unlimited indulgence. After his departure, Phoebe begged Hermione's permission to go and ask her mother to take her place for the night; and receiving a silent assent, she hastily slipped out of the house, leaving the door not quite closed, that her mother might gain entrance without disturbing her sorrowing mistress.

"This action was not unobserved. A man had been watching about the house for an hour before, and instantly seized the opportunity thus offered of entering; he glided in at the door, which he closed after him. Having entered, he found all dark and silent in the chambers below;—he ascended the narrow staircase;—a faint light shone from the inner chamber;—he could hear no sound;—he paused for some moments irresolute.

"Hermione heard a gentle tap at the door of the chamber; she concluded it was Phoebe's mother, and, in a feeble voice, called to her to come in, rising at the same time from her kneeling posture. The man entered; it was Palmer! Yet she started not. Too wretched to be susceptible of fear, her surprise had the appearance of insensibility, and her eyes rested motionless on his face.

"So, I have found at last my promised bride!" cried Palmer; but his words faltered, for every thing wore to him a mysterious air.

"Do you follow me even to the grave?" replied Hermione, in a low tone; and overpowered, though not with fear, she fell back fainting on the bed, by the side of her breathless parent, and her motion removed the covering from the face of the deceased.

"Palmer approached the bed, but was seized with unspeakable dismay and horror at the spectacle of death that



now presented itself to him. The stiffened corpse of her whom he could never approach but with reverence, and close to the pallid, clay-cold face of the deceased, laid that of the fainting girl, no less wan and deathly in its hue. He believed her spirit had also fled. Another thought succeeded, chilling him to the very heart; perhaps the fair form, when he addressed it, had no longer an earthly existence!

"And well might such an idea have taken possession of his imagination, so pale, so haggard, so unmoved, had been the countenance that met his, and but faintly illumined too by the rays of a dim taper.

"A universal tremor assailed him, his teeth chattered, every joint shook, and with difficulty his limbs supported him as he hastened from the chamber of death, leaving the house-door wide open."

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#### DR. JOHNSON.

DR. KETT's observations on the English language, and his remarks upon the different styles of Sir Thomas Brown, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Gibbon, are equally ingenious and correct; though a very learned critic has observed, that Dr. Johnson would have growled, if he had met with this passage. Dr. K. says—"There is sufficient reason to suppose, that Dr. Johnson formed his style upon the model of Sir Thomas Brown. He has written his life, and has quoted in his dictionary many words unsupported by any other authority; and perhaps, in his works, it would not be difficult to trace some marks of direct imitation." The aforesaid critic has farther observed—"There are few authors that we recollect, indeed none of any eminence, whose style varies so much as that of Dr. Johnson: it is impossible to characterise it. If we begin with the perusal of his Parliamentary Debates, and end with that of the Lives of the Poets, we shall find, that in every work ideas are conveyed through a different medium, and that his language has not only, in many instances, taken the tint of his mental, but corporeal circumstances."

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1816.

No achievement, in our recollection, has done more honour to the British Navy than their attack upon Algiers: the example of their gallant chief, who lashed his ship to one of the enemy's brigs, fast to the shore, within pistol-shot of the batteries, was emulated by the whole fleet; and the coolness and intrepidity displayed by their commander, seemed to inspire them, one and all, with the same spirit. We are the more struck with the brilliancy of this action, because it was undertaken for the protection of commerce, in behalf of the rights of humanity, and in defence of the unfortunate, the helpless, and oppressed. The devotedness of our sailors on this occasion, shews how zealous and how heroic they can be, when they fight with justice on their side. Of this short glorious and important victory, we give the substance, as nearly as we can, in the words of the Dispatches which were received at the Admiralty Office on the 14th September, from Admiral Lord Exmouth, dated Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay, Aug. 28th, announcing a gallant attack upon Algiers the day preceeding, by the combined British and Dutch fleets, which was attended by a complete victory, and closed by a renewed peace for England, and her Ally, the King of the Netherlands, on the following conditions—I. The abolition, for ever, of Christian slaves. II. The delivery of all slaves in the dominion of the Dey. III. The delivery of all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year. IV. Reparation to be made to the British Consul. V. And a public apology to the Consul from the Dey, in terms dictated by the Captain of the Queen Charlotte. At twelve o'clock at noon the following day, in compliance with these articles, all the slaves in the city of Algiers, and immediately in its vicinity, were embarked; as also 357,000 dollars for Naples, and 25,500 for Sardinia.

The particulars of this glorious affair are, that, after Lord

Exmouth had left Algiers not more than one hundred days, with the British fleet, unsuspecting, and ignorant of the atrocities committed at Bona, that fleet, on its arrival in England, was necessarily disbanded; and another, with proportionate resources, created, and equipped: it was impeded in its progress by calms and adverse winds, and did not make the land to the westward of Algiers before the 26th; and the next morning, at day-break, the fleet was advanced in sight of land. A flag of truce was sent with the demands, in the name of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent; to which no answer was received, after a delay of upwards of three hours; when, the sea breezes springing up, the signal was made, and the Queen Charlotte bore up, followed up by the fleet for their appointed stations; the flag, leading in the prescribed order, was anchored in the entrance of the Mole, at about fifty yards distance. The fleet were preparing the boats and flotilla till nearly two o'clock, when three shots were fired from the Mole, which was promptly returned by the Queen Charlotte, who was then lashing to the mainmast of a brig, fast to the shore in the mouth of the Mole. Thus commenced a fire, as animated and well supported as was ever witnessed, from a quarter before three until nine, without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half past eleven. His Lordship could see no further on the line than immediately round him, but had so perfect a confidence in his gallant officers, that his mind was free to attend to other objects, and he knew them in their stations only by the destructive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were opposed. Vice-Admiral Van Capellan's flotilla kept up a well supported fire on the flanking batteries. The explosion vessel was exploded under the battery in front of the Rear-Admiral. Many of the enemy's ships being at this time in flames, and the destruction of the whole inevitable, the ships were withdrawn. The outer frigate, distant from the Admiral about one hundred yards, was boarded by Major Gossett and his corps of miners, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze.

The enemies batteries around the Admiral's division were silenced about ten o'clock; and in a state of perfect ruin



and dilapidation.—About two in the morning, after twelve hours incessant labour, by the help of the light air, common in this bay, the whole were under sail, and came to an anchor out of reach of shells.

All the ships in the port were in flames, which extended rapidly over the whole arsenal, store-houses, and gun-boats.

The English fleet had 128 killed; and 690 wounded. The Impregnable suffered more than any of the ships. The Dutch squadron, 13 killed; and 52 wounded. The loss on the part of the Algerines, was immense.

The navy, store-houses, and arsenal, with half their batteries, and two-thirds of the town of Algiers, were totally destroyed. The conflagration is described as having been at times most awful and grand.

The terms were made, provided neither the British Consul, nor the officers and men, seized from the boats of a British ship of war, nor any of the Christian-slaves, had met with any cruel treatment.

The Moniteur French newspaper has inserted several articles in justification of the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies (a measure that has recently taken place); but the press is not permitted to say a word in reply. There is much agitation among the different parties of Constitutionalists and Ultra-Royalists, and the most strenuous exertions are used by the latter to get their partisans re-elected.

The Paris papers contain an article from Vienna that speaks with confidence of the immediate marriage of the Emperor of Austria with a Princess of the House of Bavaria, whose younger sister is destined for the Prince Royal, his son.

The Archduchess Leopoldine has consented to a union with a Prince of Portugal, who, in consequence of her unwillingness to undertake a long voyage, is to return from Brazil to Portugal, where he will reside in the character of Viceroy.

A German paper gives an article from Cairo, which states that 20,000 Jews have enrolled themselves under a leader of the name of Dan, who calls himself The King of the Jews.

A party of English ladies in Paris lately went to the French

theatre, attended by two gentlemen: during the performance, one of the gentlemen left the box for a few minutes; in his absence, his place was taken by a French prostitute. Upon her being requested to give up her seat, the pit cried out, *Restez-la ! restez-la !* on which the English ladies retired. This affair has made a great noise in Paris.

There is a French woman in Paris who resembles the Princess Charlotte so nearly as to excite considerable curiosity.

Great inconvenience was experienced in the metropolis for nearly a week, from the tradesmen refusing to take plain shillings and sixpences; but, by order of the Lord Mayor, the Bank, and Government, bills have been put in various parts of the city, explaining that the current coin of the realm, whether plain or not, cannot be refused; and will be exchanged when the new coinage is issued in February next; and that none but French shillings and sixpences can be refused.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE.

THIS theatre was opened on September 7th, with an excellent Monody on the death of the lamented Richard Brinsley Sheridan! The School for Scandal, and Who's Who? In this piece, his dramatic talents equalled those of the first dramatic poets; it was therefore judiciously selected to follow the Monody in honour of his memory, and as a tribute of respect. Sheridan has left a star that will shine as long as memory holds a seat in this transitory world! As a dramatist, as a senator, who is his equal?—The house was very full, and the performance greeted with

the loudest acclamations. The pit has been elevated, and has a much finer effect, and a row of seats in the dress circle has been taken away. These are the only alterations of importance since last season.

*The Duenna*.—Sheridan, much to be regretted, has only left this single proof of his operatic abilities; but even this is sufficient to immortalize his name above all predecessors, or cotemporaries; for this piece was performed ten nights more than the Beggar's Opera, during the first season. It is but too true, that Sheridan was an indolent man, or the laurels he reaped from this effort would have animated him to produce more. The wit of the *Duenna* flows from the purest source; its language from the most refined mind; and, at the present moment, an additional zest is derived from its performance. Mr. Cooke sung the airs of Carlos very prettily, but he wants action. Mr. Downton (whom we are happy to find is not included in the dismissals) was to have performed Isaac, but, in consequence of indisposition, it was taken by Mr. Knight, who acquitted himself with great credit. Mrs. Glossop (late Miss Feron) appeared, for the first time on these boards, as Clara; her voice is extremely powerful, and her execution scientific; her reception was the most flattering.

*Lover's Vows*.—A Mr. Bengough and Mrs. Knight have made their appearance as Baron Wildenhaim and Agatha Friburg; their performance was highly respectable, but, we must see them again, before we can form any just estimate of their abilities.

R.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS house was opened on September 9th, with Pizarro, and The Miller and his Men. No alterations of any importance has been made.

A new ballet, called the Seraglio, has been produced, in which El Senor Luengo, and the Las Senoras Rames, prin-



principal dancers at the Court of Madrid, made their appearance. We do not anticipate that the Spanish style of dancing will ever be much approved by an English audience; we do not like it at all. Three Miss Dennets, from Dublin, danced a pretty *Pas de trois*. Mr. Noble and Miss Lupino shared the greatest applause.

*The Wonder*.—This excellent comedy of Mrs. Centlivre's has been performed with distinguished success. A Miss Boyle made her appearance as Violante, of whom we augur most favourably; her figure is genteel, and her features are extremely pretty; her voice, clear and distinct, is modulated with great judgement; and her sarcasm on Felix was pointed and happy. Mr. C. Kemble's Don Felix was a finished portraiture; his drunkenness was inimitable. Mr. Fawcett was Lissardo to the life, in which he was most ably supported by Mrs. Gibbs in Flora.

*The Distressed Mother*.—This tragedy, which is a translation from the *Andromaque* of Racine, by Ambrose Phillips, has been revived for the introduction of Mr. Macready in Orestes! This gentleman's appearance has been so long announced that public expectation was at the highest, and we were highly gratified to find it fully answered. His performance was marked with a strong conception of the character: the expression of joy, at the idea of obtaining Hermione was excellent; his concluding phrenzy was a powerful delineation, and drew down repeated acclamations. The part is too declamatory to form a right opinion of his merits, but we certainly consider them to be first rate. His person is tall, and his countenance expressive. Mrs. Glover made her appearance in *Andromaque* with great success.

A new tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Coleridge, is forthcoming, in which Miss O'Neill is to be the heroine.

R.

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#### ENGLISH OPERA.

*Two Words, or the Silent not Dumb*.—This Melo-Drame is composed of the usual very common-place incidents. Many

parts strongly remind us of *The Travellers Benighted*, particularly the robbers' cottage. It is altogether of the most improbable cast; but the attention is kept on the alert, and with very excellent acting, it will no doubt sustain its rank in this mongrel species of entertainment. Miss Kelly is the dumb ward; we need not say, she was truly excellent.

*Free and Easy.*—Mr. Courtley, a gentleman rather advanced in years, having retired into the country with a young wife, for the purpose of guarding against the blandishments of the town, to which she may be exposed, imagines he has cause to suspect her integrity, by the frequent visits of Sir John Freeman, who, it ultimately appears, is only paying his addresses to Eugenia, Courtley's sister; this, consequently, eases his apprehensions; he consents to the match, and the piece happily concludes. The language of this opera is good, and the music is pretty. It was received with great applause. R.

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### HAYMARKET.

*The Fair Deserter.*—This *petit* interlude is a translation from the French by Mr. Langsdorff. It consists of the contrivances of an officer and his servant to carry off a young lady, with a fortune of twenty-thousand pounds, from her guardian's house; he intending to marry her himself, this is, of course, frustrated, and the marriage of the happy couple, according to custom, winds up the *denouement*. As a mere sketch, it is very pleasant. Two songs, composed by Lanza, were very prettily sung by Mr. Duruset.

September 14th, this theatre closed their protracted season, not being able to withstand the *monopoly* of their huge winter rivals. At the same time, we derive infinite pleasure in the conviction that their exertions have been crowned with distinguished success. R.



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*Morning & Evening Costume for October 1816.*

*Pub. Oct. 7. 1816. by Dean & Munday 34 Threadneedle Street.*

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THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1816.

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MORNING DRESS,

Composed of cambrie muslin, flounced with the same material; the waist moderately long, but narrower in the back than last month, and made rather full; the front is made to fit tight to the shape, and rather low; the sleeve, long and plain, finished at the wrist with muslin trimming.—Polisse of coloured sarsnet, trimmed round the front and bottom with three rows of white satin, let in byas; the cape is ornamented with the same material, and finishes with a point in front of the bust; round the throat three falls of rich lace; the sleeve full, and bound at the wrist.—Leghorn bonnets are still the favourite wear, variously trimmed with a profusion of ribands and lace. We had the pleasure of seeing this on a very beautiful woman; it was trimmed round the front with lace, and lined with coloured satin, and underneath a cap of very rich lace, which, with the large bows of riband, produced an uncommonly rich and soft effect.

EVENING FULL DRESS,

Of white muslin, trimmed round the bottom with a deep flounce of point-lace, surmounted with festoons of white satin, let in byas, and a row of large white satin bows; the body of coloured satin, ornamented in front with two large bows of satin riband, in the centre of which are a couple of diamond broaches; the sleeves of coloured satin, finishing likewise with bows of riband. Round the shoulders is thrown a superb white lace scarf.—The hair parted in front; over the forehead, a superb cornelian ornament; the hind hair

fastened in a full bunch, and entwined with a wreath of full blown roses.—White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted for this dress to a lady, who is highly distinguished in the polite circles of fashion for the extreme elegance of her taste.

### COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THE Duchess de Berri, of whom we have this month given a Memoir and Portrait, dresses in so plain and simple a manner, as to be generally copied, and considered the standard of good taste. She now wears, for the promenade, a round dress of cambric muslin, with three flounces of the same material, close to each other at the bottom: the waist of a moderate length; the back narrower than usually worn, and rather full; the front tight to the shape, and cut very low: the sleeve plain and long, not very full; terminated at the wrist by a mixture of muslin and lace, let in byas, forming a neat cuff. *Fichu* of *tulle*, with a full ruff. There are six or eight falls of fine lace.—Chantilly half-handkerchiefs are thrown over this dress: it consists of large black lace of the finest texture, elegantly bordered.—The bonnet is made of white gauze, with an oval crown, ornamented by bands of satin at the top, which form the shape: the front is large, and somewhat shades the countenance: it is finished by a triple plaiting of *tulle*: the height of it is moderate; the bands and strings are of white satin; and a bouquet of flowers is placed on one side.—This is the promenade dress, with little variation, that prevails.

The fashions for dress continue nearly the same as described in the last two or three preceding Numbers of this work.—The bonnets display the same variety, are made of the same materials, and change in nothing but the colours of the ribands and flowers, which are changed and adapted to the changes in nature.

White, whether of worked and clear muslin, or striped and plain sarsnet, is still used for dinner dress; and gauze for full dress.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

◆  
LINES,

SUGGESTED WHILST REFLECTING ON THE MAUSOLEUM ABOUT TO  
BE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

“REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,  
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,  
And Scotia pour thy thousand rills,  
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red.  
But ah! what poet now shall tread  
Thy airy heights and woodland reign,  
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,  
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?”

Ask why I weep, elegiac lay,  
For him who sleeps in “parent clay,”  
And I, with swelling heart, will say—  
The wild harp ne'er shall breathe again  
In half so sweet or pleasing strain  
As his who wak'd, with rapt desire,  
To life and love the tend'rest lyre!

Oh! moan for aye, romantic Dee—  
Ye fairer flow'rs on banks of Cree,  
And Lavrock's chanting minstrelsy!  
How fade your forms, and droops the song,  
That would his “wood-notes wild” prolong  
In pathos of sweet melody,  
For him—beneath the willow tree!

He's dead!—the tear that dims mine eye  
Shall ne'er its fountain spring run dry—  
Grief finds a joy in sympathy!  
Ah, Scotia! can'st thou cease to wail  
Thy poet in his love-fraught tale?  
No!—thou shalt weep in sorrow's gloom,  
And steep in tears his early tomb!

“Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,  
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,  
And Scotia pour thy thousand rills,  
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red.  
But never more shall poet tread  
Thy airy heights—thy woodland reign,  
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,  
That ever breath'd the soothing strain!”

STANZAS.

WHEN ev'ning wraps in twilight shroud  
The farewell beams of day,  
How sweet to quit the busy crowd,  
And steal from toil away!  
And while the pale moon, peering bright,  
Soft glimmers o'er the lea,  
To gaze upon her tranquil light,  
And think of heav'n and thee!

And thus, when all the slumb'ring air  
A stillness breathes divine,  
Or only angels waken there,  
And spirits pure as thine,  
On fancy's wing to flow'ry vales  
And distant groves I flee,  
Complain me to the dying gales,  
And sigh my soul to thee.

Moments there are, when ev'ry thought  
That dwells on things below,  
And life itself depicts nought  
But gloom and varied woe;  
Yet mem'ry, from her lonely bow'r,  
One twinkling star can see,  
And in that drear despairing hour,  
'Tis bliss to muse on thee.

Oh! that our souls in viewless flight  
Could mount the air at will,  
And sail upon the clouds of night  
When all the earth was still!  
How oft from worldly bondage riv'n,  
From worldly passions free,  
I'd soar to yonder azure heav'n,  
And stretch my arms to thee!

There, when the pensive moonlight shone,  
We'd wander through the sky,  
And leaning o'er our fleecy throne,  
Look down with wond'ring eye  
On verdant valley, rippling stream,  
On summit, tow'r, and tree,  
Where lovely slept the placid beam,  
Serene and chaste as thee.

And may not such, in years to rise,  
When all the earth is past,  
When death bestows what life denies,  
Be our's perhaps at last—  
Oh! 'twere enough for ever more  
To wean each sin from me,  
To think in heav'n, when time is o'er,  
My soul may welcome thee!

Then till that hour, while yet on earth,  
Oh! be what thou hast been;  
And let me love the angel-worth  
Mine eyes have never seen—



Still pour upon my list'ning ear,  
While yet that bliss may be,  
Those melting strains, so sweetly dear,  
That won me first to thee!

Nor think the world's tumultuous throng  
Shall tempt my thoughts away,  
Or steal me from the syren song  
That sooth'd my early day;  
The pensive charm that song could give,  
Through each reserv'd decree,  
Shall fondly smile, and brightly live,  
To tell my soul of thee.

Nor midnight moon, nor vesper star,  
Nor flow'r of modest fame,  
But yet, though thou art distant far,  
Shall whisper me thy name;  
Nor aught of beauty can I trace,  
Nor aught of goodness see,  
But, in the dear resembling grace,  
I'll still remember thee.

~~~~~  
SONG.

TUNE—"O Nanny!"

Will Marianne leave the town so gay,  
The nimble dance, the crowded ball,  
The splendid concert, and the play,  
To hold a single heart in thrall?

Will she, who binds in conqu'ring chains  
A thousand captives at her will,  
Who fills a thousand hearts with pains,  
With joys, a thousand hearts can fill!

Oh! will she leave the world's turmoil,  
To dwell with me in lonely glen;  
And there impart her winning smile,  
Far from the haunt of cruel men?

Will she renounce the joys of life,  
Where so conspicuous she has shone;  
And will she quit the world of strife,  
To dwell with me, and me alone?

Fancy presents her to my view,  
And thus methinks I hear her say—  
"I'll quit the world of strife for you,  
Yet still with you will I be gay.

Sequester'd in some lonely cell,  
My voice, my words, shall cheer thy days,  
With me (and sure it will be well),  
To blush, and weep, and hear you praise.

And then, when ev'ning veils the sky,  
And nature bids thee seek thy rest,  
On my stretch'd arm thy head shall lie,  
Or gently slumber on my breast.

Thus will we only live to love,  
And fill with bliss each passing day;  
And ev'ry word and action prove,  
With you alone can I be gay."

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SONG,

WRITTEN AND DEDICATED TO MISS H. L—G,

By J. G. O.

Oh! forget not, sweet Harriet, those moments so dear,  
Though, alas! much too swiftly they flew,  
When with music so sweetly my heart you would cheer,  
When with rapture I'd listen to you.

And shall then these eyes never more be so bless'd  
 As to gaze on that form they adore?  
 That form, which of every charm is possess'd,  
 Dearest maid, shall these eyes see no more?

Oh! far sooner, sweet girl, would this heart cease to beat,  
 It would burst at a prospect so drear,  
 For it moves but in hopes that once more we may meet,  
 And renew those past moments so dear.  
 Fly swift then, ye hours, till my dear Harriet's eyes  
 Once more pour forth fresh bliss and delight,  
 On this heart and this bosom, both bursting with sighs,  
 To be cheer'd by those orbits of light.

*Hoxton,*  
 12th September, 1816.

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#### EPIGRAM.

SAY, why should Love, that dear delightful toy,  
 By limners painted, and by poets sung,  
 Be ever pictur'd as an urchin boy,  
 For ever childish and for ever young?  
 Alas! too well the mournful truth is told—  
 He never lives so long that ye may call him old!

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#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A finished Education;" "Adubah, or the Sorcerers;" "Marriage;" "The Boyar;" and "Thy Spirit liveth;" are received, and under consideration.

Lines from C— H— are not sufficiently poetical to merit insertion.

The continuation of "The Child of the Battle," by Mr. H. Finn, is unavoidably postponed till next month.







*Lady Morgan*